

Weekly Museum.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 9—VOL. XVI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1804.

NO. 797.

THE RIGID FATHER.

[CONTINUED.]

LETTER II.

CHARLES JANSON TO HENRY MULLER.

Lueburg.

YOU are in the right; there is something which excites the emotions of sensibility in the idea that a son is gone to be reconciled to his father. I could feel them; though I could foresee that the reconciliation was not likely to be lasting. I presented myself at my father's house unexpectedly. My aunt Judith received me with an exclamation of joy, and, I am persuaded, unfeigned tears. She almost pushed me by force into the room where my father was, who viewed me with a look of doubtful expression, in which his love to me seemed to struggle with his sense of the necessity of supporting paternal authority. I, on my part, gave myself up to my feelings; I threw myself on his breast, and said—(my conscience bears me witness, without hypocrisy,)—"Forgive, dear father!"

"Are you sincere, Charles?" asked he. "Do you wish forgiveness, or?"

He surveyed me with a dissatisfied and distrustful look.

"I ask of you only forgiveness," said I tenderly, and with tears in my eyes; and I kissed his hand. "Indeed," repeated I, "I ask only forgiveness."

He now took me in his arms, and pressed me ardently to his breast: his voice became milder, and he said, with much emotion—

"My son! my Charles! we will think no more of it—my dear Charles!"

I should think, brother," said my uncle, leaning forward in his arm-chair, and in his usual dry manner, "that you would act wiser to examine what it was that had so nearly rendered a father and son irreconcileable enemies to each other. But you are applying a plaster to a wound which will perhaps still continue to rankle, for want of being searched to the bottom. The moment when a father and son hold each other in their arms, as you do now, is precious; it should not be suffered to pass without improvement. Do not act like an ignorant surgeon, who will not probe a wound for fear of giving pain. You must, however, do as you please, and what is it to me?"

"Brother," said my father, somewhat confused, and looking me gradually from his arms, "I am a father. You seem not to understand properly what it is to be so."

"You are a father," replied my uncle, blowing the smoke from his pipe with vehemence; "and on that very account you ought not to leave any thing to rankle in your son's heart. Were I in your place, I would say—'Charles, I have been in the wrong; but I am an old man, and consequently find it difficult to conquer my failings: but, as I have confessed them, you must think no more of them.' This is what I would have said to the young man." Then, turning to Judith— "You," said he, "are the devil, who sows tares among the good wheat of our affections."

"I!" said Judith, lifting up her hands and eyes; I vow I would rather lose the use of speech for ever, than be the occasion of ill-will between father and son! The Lord Judge between thee and me, brother!" exclaimed she, throwing her-

self into her chair, and bursting into tears, which she could easily summon into her eyes.

"When the Lord judges," replied my uncle, coldly, "the sentence perhaps may not be in your favor."

"The righteous must suffer much persecution," answered Judith with assumed mildness, "that is my consolation: but the time may come, brother, when your conscience may smite you grievously for having so harshly treated a poor infirm woman."

"Heaven knows," replied my uncle, "that I pity you! I could wish, with all my heart, Hitler, that, instead of your unhappy temper, you had a husband and a dozen children: for I do not think you have absolutely a bad heart; you would have made a good wife and mother, I am well persuaded."

This last observation had a very visible effect on my aunt; all her anger subsided.

"Well, well," said he, "I see I must take care how I say a word too much."

"You are always saying a word too much," answered my uncle, "as certainly as my brother has said one too little."

My father at first looked grave; but presently a smile chased away the gloom from his countenance.

"Charles," exclaimed he, "I have been too hasty with you! you must forgive me."

I threw myself into his arms; and my uncle, clapping him heartily on the shoulder, cried out, in a voice half-faltering from emotion—

"Bravo! Now you know what it is to enjoy the happiness of confessing ourselves in the wrong, And immediately, without adding another word, he retired to his chamber.

I felt that we were in the way to unburthen our hearts to each other as became a father and a son. But some person came in, and my father was obliged to go to the counting-house. The moment was lost, and perhaps, may never return. At dinner, my father was uncommonly silent, and did not speak to me ten words. What little he did say to me was not, indeed, said harshly, but in such a manner as sufficiently to remind me that he was my father. He spoke to my sister unusually sternly and authoritatively, and at the same time looked at me.

The next day at dinner the same silence prevailed. My father and I were indeed reconciled; but many remarks were made that had a reference to me, and on which Judith could scarcely forbear making some of her observations. To avoid the temptation, however, she entered into a conversation with my uncle on some passages of Scripture. My father seemed scarcely to take notice of any person; and a gloomy mistrustful silence again became general.

"Do you know, Judith," said my uncle, "which is the most moving passage in the Bible?" She mentioned several.

"No, no," said my uncle, "I do not mean any of these. The most moving passage is—'O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, my son!'

My aunt looked at him with astonishment.

"Only reflect, Judith," continued he with warmth; the son had conspired against the father's

crown and life: the aged king was forced to fly before his own son!"

"He was an ungrateful villain of a son," said my father.

"He was brother, that must be confessed. Absalom was an ungrateful villain. Yet when he was dead his father lamented his death in an agony of grief, and cried—'O my son Absalom! my son! would God I had died for thee!' The general—what was his name?"

"Joab," said Judith.

"Right,-- Joab;--he was displeased at this, and rebuked the good old father."

"And in that he was not in the wrong," said Judith: "why should he lament so for such an unnatural ungrateful wretch as Absalom?"

"I wish, Judith, you had an ungrateful son, you would not talk thus. Joab knew as little as you what it is to have a son and to lose him. I only say, If David loved so much so wicked a son, what ought a father to do who has a good and virtuous son?"

This was too much for Judith: she, however, said not a word, but obliquely glanced her eyes on me. We all sat confused and silent. My father reddened a little, and appeared to be struggling with his feelings. He was serious and thoughtful, soon drank his third glass of wine, as a signal that we should rise from table, and then went sulky and almost angry to his chamber, while we left the dining-room one after the other. I was, in fact, very uneasy. My sister, as we were leaving the room, said to me, with a laugh, "All this bodes no good." She was in the right; but she ought not to have laughed. I could not forgive her for this laugh the whole day.

Every thing is now as it was before I left home, and we live exactly the same life. Judith blows up the fire when my uncle, whose penetration and plainness of speech she fears, is not present. My uncle shakes his head; my sister goes on her own way; and I—I am a prisoner, fettered at least in my mind. We all seem to do every thing in our power mutually to make our lives unhappy. Yet not one among us is bad at heart not even Judith. Were she so, I could hate her; but she is only thoughtless, loquacious, and somewhat of a bigot. She must have somebody to quarrel a little with, or she must find fault with her dog Mopfy, who in her opinion, however, is much wiser and better than I am, because he can hear her long psalms and prayers without showing any signs of weariness.

I am not happy

Farewell.

LETTER III.

The same to the same.

I HAVE had a conversation with my uncle—but, in the first place, I must give you some account of this Uncle. I can, however, tell you little more of him than that he is a very worthy man, and that his name is Richter. You have scarcely ever seen a finer-looking old man, nor one whose countenance is more expressive of that frankness and integrity which naturally inspire us with confidence. Different persons form different opinions of him; but my mother always spoke of him with indescribable tenderness, and with an esteem which bordered on veneration. On her high opinion of him, and his honest countenance, I rely,

Some have said that he is an adventurer, who has squandered his property, wandering all over the world, and come back a beggar; and that he now lives on the charity of his brother-in-law, my father. He himself is silent with respect to his history. In his youth he engaged in some extraordinary undertakings; but such, even according to the account my father gives of them, as rather show a noble greatness of mind, and an ardent temperament, than extravagance. About a year after the marriage of my father, he disappeared; and no person could learn where he was, till about thirteen months ago, when he came back, and took up his residence in my father's house, where he remains without property, or seemingly any future plan of life---and yet has he obtained such a kind of authority over him that I cannot but wonder at it. My father indeed does not ask his advice, but he is at liberty to give it with respect to all his affairs; and this liberty he exercises so frequently, though at the same time with such prudent moderation, that my father seems in some measure to stand in awe of him;---at least he fears his peculiarities. He says what he thinks with the openness and the simple irreducible sincerity of a Diogenes. He is poor; but I never knew a person on whom poverty seemed to press so lightly, and who was so little ashamed of having recourse to any honest means to earn his bread. His moderation is indescribable, and even this renders him in his dependent situation perfectly independent.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FASHIONS FOR THE LADIES.

WALKING DRESS.—A short round dress of white muslin, with a ruffe dress of dark green velvet. A ruffe hat to correspond with the dress.

FULL DRESS.—A dress and petticoat of white crêpe; the bottom of the dress sloped very high before, and bound all around with white ribbon, a full trimming of white lace sewed to the edge of the ribbon, the bottom trimmed with white lace drawn to form a tucker; the sleeves very short trimmed with lace. The hair dressed in the most fashionable manner.

HEAD DRESSES.—A straw hat turned up in front, lined with colored velvet, and tied under the chin with ribbon of the same color. A morning bonnet of fine straw tied down with a silk handkerchief. A dress cap of yellow silk and black lace, a bunch of yellow flowers in front. A morning cap of fine sprigged muslin with a puffing of lace all round in front; white strings. A cap of white muslin with a full border of white lace, ornamented with a wreath of flowers. A cap of muslin and lace, with a bunch of red roses in front. A Mameluke turban, of scarlet and white velvet. A hat of black velvet, turned up all round and trimmed with bows of ribbon. A cloche bonnet of black velvet and pink silk, a bow of black ribbon on the top.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.—The dresses are made very short waisted, and very low in the back; and in almost every part of them there is lace. For full dress crêpe is much worn. Ostrich feathers of all colors are universal. Pelisses and spencers of velvet and cloth are much worn. The most favorite colors for them are dark green, sky blue, and black; for undresses, silver bear muffs and tippets are worn; for dresses, swansdown.

THE lover of nature sympathizes with every object around him. He mounts on the wings of the lark. He covers with the raven. He glides along with the clouds, and shares the gloom of every forest.

For the New-York WEEKLY MUSEUM.

FRIENDSHIP.

SWEET FRIENDSHIP of celestial birth,
Thou cheer'st our gloomy days;
Under thy peaceful sway, the earth
Dissolves in raptur'd praise.

The draught of life, thy tempting juice,
Makes easily go down;
Like nectar thou canst joy inslue,
And all our wilhes crown.

Should smiling fortune grace our lives,
And golden flow'rs defend,
Nothing on earth such pleasure gives,
As sharing with a friend.

Or---if an adverse fate intrudes,
And clouds and storms arise,
The shelter of a friend secludes
The troubles of the skies.

True---earthly friends must all decay,
And quit this mortal stage;
Short and precarious is our day,
A span meets out our age!

But if our sins are pardon'd here,
And we exempt from pain,
We all shall meet in Heav'n's high sphere,
And never part again.

There pleasure with its purest dreams,
Through flow'ry meadows glides,
And FRIENDSHIP with unclouded beams,
In ev'ry breast resides.

Bedford, Long-Island.

HINT FOR A RICH MAN. (FROM PLUTARCH)

"What shall I do, because I have no room where to below my frug." St Luke, chap. xii, ver. 17.

WHAT do---Why, if thy barns are grown too small,
Save the expence of building more,
And lodge the surplus of thy store
Within the bowels of the poor:
Make widows' hands thy treasury,
Let orphans' mouths thy coffers be,
And in a little while thou'll see
Large interest in thy purse with principal and all.

ON HEARING A NUMBER OF GENTLEMEN ABUSE AN ABSENT ACQUAINTANCE.

O SOCIAL beings! honor'd with a tongue,
Never use a mean so great to ends so wrong;
Wife to improve, as innocent to please,
With dubious caution than the dire disease;
So happiness shall flow from friend to friend,
And speech not deviate from its first great end,
Which nature, for our gen'lal good, design'd,
Gave us a key to unlock the generous mind.

A gentleman dying after a lingering illness, through which the most affiduously tender attentions were paid him by a Nurse of the name of Hora, gave rise to the subsequent lines,

BY DR. PERFECT.

HOPE, thro' his sickness, lent her friendly aid;
More smooth his pillow in afflictions made;
And till his matchless suff'ring all were past,
She "travell'd through," nor "left him to the last,"

THE BLESSING OF RELIGION.

WRITTEN ABOUT A CENTURY AGO.

CROWNS have their compass, length of dayes their date,
Triumphs their tombs, felicitie her fate;
Of more than earth, can earth make none partaker,
RELIGION makes man most like his Maker.

EXTempore

ON THE MARRIAGE OF MR. FOG TO MISS MIST.
TO Hymen the muse shall pour forth her oblation,
In vapours condense'd, and in thick exhalation;
On Pegasus, selfive, facetiously jog,
And prove that a MIST is made into a FOG!

ANECDOTE.

IT was formerly a custom in London to perform the tragedy of "Barnwell," every twelfth night to give a number of apprentices, &c., an opportunity to see the performance. In the years 1779 or 1780, (I am not certain which,) Mr. Ross performed the character of Barnwell, when a young gentleman, an apprentice to a capital merchant, went to see the play, at which he sat throughout with the greatest agitation, as was observed by several persons present. On returning home, after the performance, he was taken suddenly ill, to the great sorrow of his master and family (by whom he was greatly beloved) they sent for many able physicians, but his disorder baffled all their art, and they at length declared, that the disease was not seated in his body, but so deeply rooted in his mind, that it was out of the power of medicine to cure him. On this information, they begged of him to unburthen himself to them, which he positively refused to do; though repeatedly solicited.---Finding all their efforts in vain, they sent for his guardian. He, after repeated solicitations, prevailed on him; when the young man candidly confessed, that in Mr. Ross's performance of Barnwell, he beheld his own likeness so strongly pictured, that he scarce knew how to let the performance out---(it is almost unnecessary to add, that he had robbed his master, in order to support the shameful extravagances of a vile woman who had seduced him from the paths of virtue.) After this confession, he found himself recovering apace, which his master's forgiveness afterwards perfected. He made a solemn promise to his guardian, never to commit the like again, which he has strictly kept. His guardian, as a grateful tribute to Mr. Ross, for being the cause of the young man's reformation, sent him a letter of thanks, in which he inclosed a 10^l. bank note. From this, it appears, that the stage has certainly a moral tendency, as it is many times the cause of the reformation of youth, by representing to them, in the most striking colours, the reward of virtue, and punishment of vice.

A COMICAL INCIDENT.

AT the time of the dreadful plague in London, in 1665, in the midst of the calamitous scene which was then exhibited, an incident happened of the comic kind. A bag-piper, who happened to be excessively overcome with liquor, fell down in the street, and there lay asleep. In this condition he was found early the next morning; and being supposed to be a person who had died of the plague, was accordingly taken up, thrown into a cart, and carried away among some dead bodies. At last the honest piper awoke out of his sleep, and it being about day break, and he mutually disengaged, not knowing his situation, began very briskly to play up a tune, which so surprised the fellows that drove the cart, who could not see distinctly, that they betook themselves to their heels in a great fright, and swore they had taken up the devil in the disguise of a dead man.

ANECDOTES.

A gentleman having a pad that started and broke his wife's neck, a neighboring squire told him he wished to purchase it for his wife to ride upon. "No, no," says the other, "I will not sell the little fellow, because I intended to marry again myself."

RABELAIS tells us a story of one Philip Placut, who being brisk and bale fell dead as he was paying an old debt; which perhaps causes many, says he, not to pay their's for fear of the like accident.

NEW-YORK:
SATURDAY, March 3, 1804.

The number of deaths in this city, for the week ending on Saturday last, according to the City Clerk's report, are, adults 18 children 8--Total 26.

On Thursday a genteelly dressed man, in attempting to get on board the Newcastle boat, while under way below South-street wharf, Philadelphia, fell into the river. By great exertions he kept himself above water, until a boat went to his rescue; but, unfortunately, he was taken up in a state of complete exhaustion, and brought to shore a corpse....The usual efforts to recover life were made without success. His name was WILLIAM SIMPSON, called himself 27 years, of age, that he was about twelve months from London, and had travelled over a great part of the United States. He was a large stout man, well made, dark complexion--Said when he left his lodging in South-street, near fish, that he was going down the river to seek his brother, who had gone ashore from a vessel lying at Reedy Island.

The jail of the city of Natchez was discovered to be on fire between the hours of 12 and 1 o'clock on the morning of the 13 ult. It was totally consumed in a short time. We have not learned to what cause this accident is attributed.

DREADFUL FIRE!

Captain Seaman, of the schooner Seaman, who arrived here yesterday in two days from Norfolk, gives us a most distressing account of the destruction by fire of upwards of 300 houses and stores, at Norfolk. The fire commenced on Wednesday evening last, between 10 and 11 o'clock, on the end of Maxwell's-wharf, in a store occupied by Mr. Samuel Dunlap, and progressed against the wind, which was from the N. East, as far as Main-street, and in three hours about 150 houses, and as many dwelling-houses, were laid in ashes; about 40 of which were valuable stores in Commerce-street, together with several of the wharves which were burning when Captain Seaman left that place. A large ship lately arrived from a port eastward of N. York, two brigs, two schooners, and a sloop, were the only vessels that were burnt....The first vessel that caught fire was a brig belonging to Norfolk--her fast having burnt off, she drifted over to Portsmouth, and got foul of the above ship and a French brig lately arrived from France, both of which were soon burnt to the water's edge. The ship Alexandria, of Norfolk, and several other vessels had their sails considerably injured by the flames. The Captain and owner of the French brig are now in this city--besides the loss of the brig, they had 6000 dollars worth of tobacco burnt in one of the stores. The printing-office of Messrs. Wile & O'Connor, publishers of the Norfolk Herald, No. 120 Main-street, was amongst the number destroyed, which circumstance prevented Captain Seaman from furnishing us with a more particular account of this dreadful conflagration, as no paper had been published since the fire. The printers of the Herald, however, expected to publish their paper the day our informant failed. In addition to the above, a gentleman has favored the editors of this Gazette with an extract of a letter from Mr. Bainbridge, dated the 25th inst. the only letter from Norfolk by the Seaman.

Norfolk February, 25.--I have this moment heard of this opportunity, have but a few minutes to inform you, that on Wednesday evening, the most populous and valuable part of No. folk was entirely consumed, supposed to the number of 300 houses, and value of \$500,000 dollars. The fire

commenced about 11 o'clock at night, at the lower end of Maxwell's-wharf, and in one hour after there were no less than three different ranges of wharves on fire, and by day light the whole of the most valuable part of the town was entirely laid in ashes. The distress is inconceivable. Many families who were rich, are now entirely ruined; and from the nature of the buildings (all being built of wood) and their contiguity, they burnt like tinder. Every exertion was made by blowing up 8 or 10 buildings, which was the only mode that succeed, and at last effected its stop."

What adds greatly to the calamity, is, that thirteen men were killed by the blowing up of the houses.

On Sunday morning the 12th ult about six o'clock, the southern double range of brick stores on Ropers wharf, in the city of Charleston, was discovered to be on fire. The flames had got to so considerable a height before they were discovered, that it was impossible to get them under before the whole of the range was burnt or pulled down. That wharf and its stores are in the possession of Messrs. Waring & Smith, factors; the stores contained near a thousand barrels of rice and upwards of seven hundred bales of staple cotton; of the former it is supposed upwards of four hundred barrels are destroyed, and near four hundred bales of the latter. The property belonged to different planters and merchants; the eastern end of the range was occupied by Messrs. Waring & Smith, Mr. Thomas Hall and Messrs. Alex. & John Corrie, as counting-houses; nothing was saved out of these but their papers and books. We have no information to lay positively to what this unfortunate circumstance is owing however, there is no reason to believe it was done designedly.

We cannot now present an exact account of the losses nor the names of the owners of the property but we understand the greatest losers were Messrs. Nathaniel Hayward, J. & W. B. Mitchell, Gordon & Miller and Col. Filburn, Messrs. Waring and Smith are also very considerable sufferers.

An attempt was made on the following night to set fire to the house of Mrs. Cochran, on East-Bay. The incendiaries had made an opening underneath the back door, where a new fill had recently been placed, and putting in the fire, it rapidly communicated to an inside glass panel door, and had risen to an alarming height, when the cracking of the glass fortunately awoke the family; and the alarm being promptly given, the flames were, with great exertion, extinguished. A negro man and woman have been committed on suspicion,

TO OUR Subscribers who are in arrears for one or more years Museum, we hope will honor our small bills when presented, or send the amount to the Office. They will please to observe, that 150 cents multiplied by near 3000, will amount to a considerable sum, which is much wanted by the Editor.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening will be presented, (never performed here) a Comedy in 5 acts, with Chorusses, called,

Lewis of Monte Blanco;
Or, the TRANSPLANTED HIBERNIAN.

To which will be added,

The Purse.

The Purse, (with an additional Song) Miss Dellinget.

25,000 Dollars the biggest prize.

For sale by JOHN HARRISON, No. 3 Peck-Slip,
TICKETS in Lottery No. 1L for the ENCOURAGEMENT of LITERATURE.

COURT OF HYMEN.

Observe the misdeed, innocently tweet;
She's fair white paper, on distilled sheet;
On which the happy man whom fate ordains,
May write his NAME, and take her for his pain.

MARRIED.

A few weeks since, Mr. NATHAN TOMKINS, to Miss MARY OSBURN, both of this city.

A few weeks since, at Flat-Lands, (L. I.) by the Rev. Mr. Lowe, Mr. JOHANNES LOFT, to Miss ELIZABETH VAN SINDREN, daughter of A. Van Van Sindren, Esq., of that place.

On Wednesday the 15th ult, at the Friends Meeting-House, Bethpage, (L. I.) ABRAHAM WHITSON, to MARY JACKSON, daughter of David Jackson, both of that place.

On Wednesday the 22d ult, at the same place, ENOS ALLEY, of this city, to REBECCA WHITSON, daughter of Amos Whitson, of that place.

Same day, at the Friends Meeting-House, Jericho, (L. I.) VALENTINE HICKS, of this city, to ABIGAIL HICKS, daughter of Elias Hicks, of that place.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Strecke, Mr. JOHN BATCHELOR, to Miss MARY BROWER, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, at Flatbush, (L. I.) by the Rev. Mr. Lowe, Mr. LEWIS SANDS, of Brooklyn, to Miss CORNELIA NOSTRAND, of Bushwick.

Same evening, at Richmond, Staten-Island, Mr. GEORGE VAN PELT, of the Narrows, (L. I.) to Miss GARRISON, daughter of Judge Garrison, of Richmond.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Hobart, Mr. JOSIAS TEN EYCK, to Miss HANNAH BOSTWICK, both of this city.

Same evening, at Hickenlack, (N. J.) by the Rev. Mr. Romine, Mr. WILLIAM CUMMING, of this city, to Miss MARGARET VAN BEUREN, daughter of Doctor Van Beuren, of Hackensack.

Same evening, at the same place, by the Rev. Mr. Romine, Mr. JOHN LAMBERGER, to Miss RACHEL VAN BEUREN, daughter of Doctor Van Beuren.

At Newburgh, Mr. ROBERT GARDINER, to Miss SYBAL BURR.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Kuyper, Mr. WILLIAM LUDLUM, to Miss ELIZA SIMMONS, both of this city.

MORTALITY.

HEAV'N gives us friends to bless the present scene,
Refuses them to prepare us for the next.

DIED

On Wednesday the 8th inst. at Salem, Washington County, aged 81 years, MARTHA BINNINGER, wife of Abraham Binninger, sen. of that place. Her life and death bore testimony to the truth of the christian religion,

Which holds of infidels in vain effort,
Gainst which the gates of hell shall ne'er prevail
This truth she found for more than three score years,
Her prop and refuge through this vale of tears
In every trial here she found relief,
However intermix'd with pain and grief,
On Jesus' merits she alone relied,
And happy in the truth of Jesus died.
She's gone to join the rank-m'd host above,
In endless praises of redeeming love.

On Tuesday the 14th inst. after a very short illness, Mr. SAMUEL KIPP, aged 72 years. He was kind and affectionate, faithful and just: in life respected, and in death lamented by a numerous and respectable circle of acquaintance.

May be had the best of COAL for the Grate or Smith^{es} use by applying to No. 26 Roosevelt Street.

March 3, 1804.

SAMUEL FREEMAN.

COURT OF APOLLO.

TO-MORROW.

SAY, pensive youth, why leave that figh?
Why trembling hands the tear of sorrow?
With waining day thy cares may fly,
And smiling joy be thine to-morrow.

Does flighted love oppres thy heart?
Then rouse thee, lad, nor yield to sorrow;
What though you and your mistress part,
A kinder may be had to-morrow.

Has fortune frown'd and friendship fled?
These common ill's should ne'er move sorrow;
Friends by fortune's smiles are led---
Both may come again to-morrow.

Hast thou relied upon the great?
No reason this to grieve and sorrow---
They smile and promise---you must eat----
Well I happier stars may rule to-morrow.

Nor cares that vex, nor flighted love,
Nor fortune's frown, nor friendship hollow,
Nor keen suspense, long pain can prove,
To him who fondly trusts to-morrow.

To-morrow is the balm of life,
The ray of hope, the dream of sorrow;
From misery's hand it wreathes the knife;
Despair, alone, would shun to-morrow.

TO A LADY

WHO ASKED WHERE THE HEART IS.

"TIS surely at my fingers' end,
Whene'er I touch that velvet skin;
And when my lips to thine I bend,
It flies, and quickly throbs between.

"Tis in my gestures, when a sigh
Or happy transport they explain;
And when with love of thee I die,
Distinct it beats through every vein.

The heart, most strange, it would appear,
Fix'd, and yet ev'ry where to find;
"Tis in the heels of those who fear---
To gold & miser's is confin'd.

The glutton's in dull sense lies dead;
The drunkard's lives but in his wine;
The fowler's oft is in his head,
And well conceals the deep design.

ANECDOTE.

A pert illiterate young fellow, who had newly dash'd into trade, one morning accosted a gentleman with "Any ne w-a-day, sir?" "Yes," said the other, "it seems the Senate of Hamburgh have delivered up Napper Tandy to the British." "I rejoice to hear it," replied the speculator in muffins, "tis a fine island---twill be a fine opening for trade."

PATENT FLOOR-CLOTH MANUFACTORY

JOHN HARMER, takes this opportunity to inform the public, that he still continues carrying on the above business, and that he has procured a quantity of **STOUT CANVAS** manufactured for the express purpose, from one to seven yards in width, toge her with other improvements, which will enable him to carry on the business on a more extensive and perfect plan than he has heretofore had it in his power to do; and is now able to serve his customers with this kind of FLOOR-CLOTHS to any plan or dimensions, equal in quality and elegance of figure to any imported, and in a much shorter time and cheaper rate.

N. B. Those ladies and gentlemen, who wish to be supplied with the above articles for the approaching summer, will do well to forward their orders soon, that the Cloth may be immediately executed, to be ready in the spring, as some time is necessary for seasoning.

Orders left at Osborn and Van Nostrand's, No 7 Beckman-Slip, New-York, or at the Factory, in Brooklyn Long-Island, will be assiduously attended to. Dec. 17

A Place for a NURSE CHILD may be had by applying at this office.

February 21st, 1804.

786-t.f.

MORALIST.

THE Christian possesse's a great advantage in the contemplation of nature. He beholds unity in the midst of variety. He looks round on the changing scenery, and in every leaf of the forest, every blade of grass, every hill, every valley and every cloud of Heaven, he discerns the traces of divine benevolence. Creation is but a field spread before him for an infinitely varied display of love. This is the harmonizing principle, which reduces to unity and simplicity the vast diversity of nature; this is the perfection of the universe. It clothes in moral glory every object we contemplate. The Christian may be said to hear the music of the spheres. He hears suns and planets joining their melody in praise to their benignant Creator. His ear, and his alone, is tuned to this heavenly harmony. His soul is love.

NEW MUSEUM OF WAX-WORK.

N. and E. STREET, respectfully acquaint the Ladies and Gentlemen of New-York, that they are now exhibiting at Snow's Hotel, No. 69 Broadway, a large and elegant collection of WAX-WORK, consisting of fifty-six figures as large as life, of the following characters:

COLUMBUS, the first discoverer of America,
In princely robes, taken from an original print found in the
Museum of the Duke of Tuscany.

Gen. GEORGE WASHINGTON and his LADY.
His Excellency THOMAS JEFFERSON, President of
the United States.

The Hon JOHN ADAMS, late President.

LORD NELSON.

BONAPARTE, first Consul of France.

Admiral Sir SIDNEY SMITH.

Dr. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

KING SOLOMON represented giving his judgment be-

tween the two Harlots.

The late Gen. BUTLER, who fell in St. Clair's defeat,
Represented as wounded in the leg and breast, and
the Indians rubbing on him with their tomahawks.

The famous Gen. WOLF, who fell in the battle of the
Plains of Abraham, with his Physician attending him in
his expiring moments, and a Grenadier bringing tidings of
the victory of his army.

Allusion of MARAT, by CHALOTTE CORDIE.
The Grecian Daughter nourishing her Father in Prison.
BEAUTIES—New-York Beauty. Friend's Beauty of
Philadelphia. Albany Beauty. Boston Beauty. New-
Haven Beauty. Jamaica Beauty.

MATERNAL AFFECTION represented by a Lady
with three beautiful children.

A Scene from Shakespeare's Othello. A scene from
Tom Jones. The Sailor's Return, or the welcome home.

The American Dwarf taken from life. The Quarrel-
some Boys tricked out of the Bird's Nest. The Miller and
Beggar. The Riotous Fellow taken by the Watchmen,
and several other interesting Figures.

The Exhibition will be open from 9 o'clock in the
morning, until 9 in the evening, every day, Sundays ex-
cepted.

Admittance one Quarter of a Dollar for grown persons,
and half price for children.

It is perfumed that this will be allowed to be the best
collection of Wax-Figures ever exhibited in America.

Jan. 29, 1804.

786-t.f.

TUITION.

THE subscriber returns thanks to his employers for
their patronage, and flatters himself that he has every reason
to look for a continuance of the same: Soliciting also the
patronage of the public, informs, that he has removed his
SCHOOL to No. 17 Bunker-street, where he purpores
continuing the ensuing year.

A Tuorets will attend in said school for the purpose of
teaching Plain Sewing and all kinds of Needle-work.

The subscriber continues, as usual, to give lessons to la-
dies and gentlemen at their own dwellings, particularly of
the art of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them
in three months, or exact no pay.

New-York, Feb. 25, 1804. W. D. LEZELL.

TO LET.

A large commodious SCHOOL ROOM, in a healthy
situation, and will be furnished if required. Inquire at
No. 155 Chatham-street

February 25, 1804.

789-t.f.

N. SMITH.

Chemical perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Golden Rose No. 114 Broadway, opposite the City-Hotel.

SMITH's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or fur-burns; has none equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving,---with printed directions,---6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.---do. Vie-let, double scented, 1s. 6d.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 1s. 6d.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatum, 1s. per pot or roll, double, ss.

His white almond Wash Ball, ss. and 3s. each. Very good common, ss. Camphor, ss & 3s. Do. Vegetable. Smith's Ballantine Lip Salve of Rosca, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps, and leaves them quite smooth, ss and 4s per box.

His fine cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable.

Smith's Savonette Royal Patis, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above with directions, 4s and 8s per pot.

Smith's Chemical Dentifrice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, ss and 4s per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences, with very article necessary for the toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chemical Blacking Cakes, for making Shining Liquid Blacking.---Almond Powder for the Skin, 5s. lbs.

Smith's Cicasa Oil, for glossing and keeping the hair in curl. His Purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on chemical principle, to help the operation of shaving.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster, 3s per box.

The best warranted Concave Razors, elastic Razor Strips, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen Knives, Scissars, Tortoise-shell, Ivory and Horn Combs, Superfine White Starch Smelling Bottles, Ac. &c. Ladies and gentlemen will no only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported perfumery. Great allowance to those who sell again.

TO THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

W. S. TURNER, SURGEON DENTIST, respectfully acquaints the ladies and gentlemen of this city that he practices in all the various branches of his profession. He fits Artificial Teeth with such uncommon nicety as to answer all the useful purposes of nature, and of so neat an appearance that it is impossible to discern them from real ones. His method of cleaning the Teeth is allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without giving the least pain, or incurring the slightest injury to the enamel. In the most trying Tooth-ache he can truly say, that his Tin-ture has very seldom failed in removing the torture; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting the tooth, and indeed of decayed teeth in general, (from considerate study and practice) is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. Turner will wait on any Lady or Gentleman, at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 18 Day-Street, where may be had, with directions, his Anti-carbuncle Tooth Powder, a most innocent preparation of his own. From Chemical and medical experience. It has been in great esteem the last ten years, and is considered as pleasant in its application, as it is excellent in its effect; it renders the teeth smooth and white, braces the gums, makes them healthful, red and firm, prevents decay, tooth-ache, that accumulation of tartar, (so much destructive to the teeth and gums) and imparts to the breath a most desirable sweetness.

Sold by appointment of the proprietor, at G. & R. Waite's Patent Medicine Warehouse and Book-store, No. 64 Maiden-lane.

January 20, 1804.

788 t.f.

NEW-YORK,

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
BY JOHN HARRISON, No. 3 PECK-SLIP.

* One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.